



# The Last of the Changelings.



fantasy

changelings

lastofthechangelings

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## Chapter 1 by dragonsofyore

I don't remember much of the night my world went spiraling down. I do recall fire and smoke, my father saying, "Ash, you must run." And so I did.

## Chapter 2 by The Lost Disciple of Kanembu



I ran till I lost all feeling in my legs, constantly wondering what I was running from. My father's words stuck with me as my only companion, that and the night's cold. I remember the morbid look in his eyes. I think he knew we would never meet again. I think he knew there was no surviving the fire and smoke. Still I am haunted by his memory and will never truly forgive myself for leaving him behind but the pain of regret is what keeps me awake and vigilante on those silent nights. Even in death, he protects me.

## Chapter 3 by nwadialor stephen obie



Just then, there was a knock on the door that woke me from the sadness that was about to envelop. I pushed thoughts of my father to a forgotten place, whilst wondering who had the nerve to knock on my door at such an ungodly hour. I reached for my rifle just in case, advancing towards the door with the utmost caution.

'who is there?', i yelled from the safety of my house as loud as i could to beat the sound of the storm brewing outside.

No answer.

I put a hand on the door knob turning it slowly, as i tried to peer through the tiny space. There were two men outside wearing police uniforms. i opened the door fully to greet them

'Good evening Mr Archibald, Sorry for disturbing you at this ungodly hour.'

The other one spoke.

'I have reasons to believe

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Chapter 4 by



There was something off about them, about the whole situation, and then it hit me. How did they know my father was missing?

To the rest of the world, I was a normal person with a normal life. That's what Changelings were, able to fit in without anyone noticing. The police officers couldn't have been able to realize who I was, unless . . .

"Who are you?" I asked, staring at the disguised whatever they were, and the first turned towards the second, and shrugged.

"If you let us come in, I'm certain we can explain the whole thing." He said, and I frowned.

"Do you think I'm a moron?" I questioned them. I had spent most of my life on the run from monsters. I wouldn't break any protective wards that kept them out.

"Of course not, Mr. Archibald." The second said. "Just step aside and we'll walk in. We just don't want to transform where humans could see us.

I sighed and stepped aside, careful not to make any gesture that could be construed as welcoming them in. The two fake police officers stepped through the doorway. At least they weren't vampires.

And then, as the door shut, their disguises fell away. I stared at the pair in shock.

## Chapter 5 by nwadialor stephen obie



'Shapeshifters'

As if i didnt already have enough on my plate. They werent the normal average size ones i had been opportuned to have a brawl with. These were the Mutant Species.

Their shapes could range from the average sized human to infinity. They could grow so big, their mere form would alter the land mass.

These people werent here to tell me about my Dad. They were here to make sure i never find

him.

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Chapter 6 by R



The Shapeshifter - Change  
because it would be easy enough to get along, but I understood the danger I was in because of

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this ancient blood feud.

Shapeshifters are arguably the more powerful. They genuinely change their form, while us Changelings just slip in and appear to fit in. We're the only two races who can notice the other without permission or special equipment.

They did have one weakness us Changelings didn't have, however. One my father had burned in to my brain before I'd had to run away.

Silver.

I owned one silver sword, which I kept as clean and untarnished as I could. It was hidden away in a drawer, but luckily it wasn't the only silver in the house.

I threw my medallion, the last thing I had of my mother since she had died. I'd had it since my earliest memory, but it was silver. I needed the escape. I hit the first shifter in the eye and used the distraction to run towards my bedroom and grab the sword.

I felt it slip in to my hands. I'd taken some fencing courses, but I'd never actually used a sword against anything before. I could hear the Shapeshifters walking towards me with their slow, stumbling motions.

Well, there was no time to learn. Swordfighting couldn't be that hard, right?

## Chapter 7 by R



In the end, it turned out, swordfighting was hard. Very hard. Extremely hard.

I scrambled for the sword that had been knocked out of my hand early on in the fight, ignoring the pain in my legs as i felt the Shifters claws seemingly tearing the limbs to shreds. I wouldn't give up. Couldn't.

My outstretched hand managed to wrap around the hilt and I swung wildly, but they quickly

shrank to avoid my attacks. Something grabbed my arm – a tentacle? – and the sword was flung into a cabinet. They grow larger. See more of Story Wars

ing down against my chest. I felt like I was burning up, as if I was being crushed. The weight of the sword pressing down on me made everything throb in pain.

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The one who was not on me quickly shifted with a grin, turning in to me. He grabbed a gun and walked off, outside of my very blocked range of vision, I heard the front door open and close.

"Where is he going?" I asked - the only thing left that I could even move was my head, which suggested that the shapeshifters wanted to talk, didn't want me dead. Yet. I had no idea why.

"We don't need a police investigation in to your persona's disappearance." The shifter replied. "He's walking in to full view of a bunch of witnesses and multiple cameras to shoot himself in the head and fall off a bridge.

Oh. Oh shit. The bridges around here were all over water, which means it would be understandable if a body was never found, especially given such strong proof of death.

"Why are you doing this?" I choked out. The weight on my chest was making it harder and harder to breathe with each passing second. "Why haven't you just killed me already."

"Haven't you heard?" The shapeshifter laughed, the sound echoing through my head loudly. "You're the last one alive. The last of the changelings. We're taking you to the capital as victory prize.

What felt like duct tape came down over my mouth and eyes, and it took only an instant of weight on my neck and chest to send me in to unconsciousness.

## Chapter 8 by GPR27



I have no clue how long I was out, but as i look around, i know it was long enough for the shapeshifters to move me from my house to a very unusual mode of transport.

You'd think i'd have seen most of the contraptions used in this time, being on the run. But the one that I now occupy is strange. From what is visible to me, it has no wheels, no windows, and no propeller or engine or animal pulling it, in fact there is nothing that seems to be moving it along. The thought that it might not be moving disappears when the thing -what ever it is- jolts and the gentle rocking i didn't realize was there, stops. I hear yelling from outside and know

we've arrived before either of the shifters tell me

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